

Strathcona

Phone 3132

A. G. BAALIM CO., Ltd.

**Bakers, Confectioners and
Fruiterers**

Special Attention Given to Catering

PHONE 3451

EAST END BAKERY

**For Best Bread and Cakes in Town. Wedding Cakes and Catering for
Suppers a Specialty.**

JAS. E. ELDER, Prop.

Sole Agent for Pincher Creek Flour—Best Flour on the Market.

THE KEEN KUT

Shoes for every season always prove satisfactory.

**T. & D. Suits wear with the best and at the same time have an air of
distinction that wins favor with tasteful dressers.**

**MACDONALD'S LTD.
STRATHCONA**

J. G. TIPTON & SON

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

We are Sole Agents for Garneau Addition, which lies immediately adjacent to the University and Alberta College and at the STRATHCONA end of the HIGH LEVEL C. P. R. BRIDGE. There is no more desirable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY in either Edmonton or Strathcona. The bridge completed and it will only be a ten minute ride to the POST OFFICE in EDMONTON. These lots are continually increasing in value. We have a few very desirable lots left, with a good view of the CAPITOL, UNIVERSITY and the RIVER SCENERY, both up and down, and our terms are still reasonable, but we cannot tell how long such conditions may continue. Those who desire to purchase a home here should make their purchases at once.

J. G. TIPTON & SON

SOLE AGENTS

McLEAN & CO.

THE BEST PLACE
IN TOWN FOR

Skates and Hockey Sticks

"THE STUDENTS' STORE"

WHYTE AVENUE, STRATHCONA

Invitation

Q With the approach of another New Year season we extend a most cordial invitation to you to visit our store, and inspect the array of seasonable goods. It will be our pleasure to show you our stock of articles suitable for New Year Gifts, and to assist you in every way possible to select appropriate presents for the various persons whom you wish to remember.

BLAIN & COMPANY

Phone 3034

Strathcona Hotel

STRATHCONA

J. P. BELANGER, Prop.

**Strathcona's Leading Family and
Commercial Hotel**

Rates - - - \$2.00 Per Day

**Commodious Sample Rooms
Excellent Cuisine**

Strathcona Pantorium

12 Whyte Ave. West

Suits Repaired, Cleaned and Pressed
on shortest notice.

We call for and deliver to any part of
the city

RATES:—Suits Brushed and Pressed, 75c.
Suits Cleaned and Pressed \$1.00 to \$2.00
Monthly Rates, 4 suits for \$2.00.

Ladies' Work a Specialty.

Phone 3316.

GEO. B. TORRANCE, Prop.

GOOD DAY, SIR,—Allow me to present

The University Monthly and The Crown Tailoring Co., Ltd.

The MOST UP-TO-DATE concerns in Canada. NOW is the time to place your order for

New Year Suits and Overcoats

a full line of samples.

J. M. FAWCETT, Agent, Alberta College

AT WARREN'S SHOE STORE

YOU will be pleased to see that they are so pleased to see YOU
Almost anything and everything

IN FOOTWEAR

Please try us and you will be satisfied with the satisfaction you get at

WARREN'S SHOE STORE

Next Great West Saddlery, Strathcona, Alberta

THE GATEWAY

Vol. 1

STRATHCONA, ALBERTA, DECEMBER 20, 1910

No. 2

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - A. E. OTTEWELL, '12

Assistant Editor - - - - - Miss B. McLAUGHLIN, '13

Associate Editors: A. Caldwell, '14; H. G. Nolan, '13; P. Young, '13; Miss Wilson, '12;
W. Davidson, '13

Business Manager: C. W. Ritsen, '13

Assistant Business Manager: J. F. C. Sells, '13

Illustrator: W. H. D. Miller, '13

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

TWENTY CENTS PER SINGLE COPY

THE LAMENT OF A LATIN STUDENT.

When Cicero first saw the light of day,
And took upon himself this frame of dust,
Before he learned to read and write
I wish he'd bust.

When Horace was as yet a little lad,
Before those odious odes had come to light,
I wish some naughty little boy,
Had killed him in a fight.

When the first flush of youth was on old Livy's cheek,
Before the child could sign his name or spell,
And ere his mighty mind had reached its prime,
I wish he'd fallen in the well.

What joy 'twould be if Virgil when a boy
Before the thought of Epics struck his brain,
Had died of chronic croup upon the chest,
From playing marbles in the rain.

In short, if all the other cranks,
The crusty, musty cranks of Latin Lore,
Had never hit this world of woe,
We'd all enjoy life more.—L. Y. C. '12.

THE WORLD AT LARGE

"Quidquid agunt homines."

There have been no radical changes in the political outlook since the preceding number of *The Gateway* went to press. The Republic of Portugal finds even greater difficulty than was expected in ridding itself of the heritage of corruption left it by the House of Braganza. More than one prophecy of the failure of this latest experiment in Democracy is heard in high places; and if the new Republic succeeds in emerging from its present sea of troubles and establishing itself as a respectable, political entity, it will be due not so much to an inherent superiority of one form of government over another, as to the combination of efficiency and practical idealism in the little group of patriots who have staked their all on the issue. With the hope of the new Republic of Portugal centred in a poet and sociologist as their present leader, and the eyes of triumphant Democracy in the United States turning to an historian and political economist as their next president, the word "academic" may well begin to lose its derogatory connotation, and the sneer of the "practical politician" be relegated to the place where it belongs.

As this number appears, the attention of Canada and more especially of the West will be turned to the visit of the delegation to Ottawa. This delegation, representing undoubtedly the largest concerted movement upon the Capital to affect legislation ever made, is the materialization of a sentiment which was much em-

phasized during Sir Wilfred Laurier's visit to the west,—a sentiment in favor among other things of the abolition of the tariff on agricultural implements; and this in turn, is but a wave in the tide of tariff reform which is moving steadily eastward on both sides of the international boundary. North of the line, the farmers storm Ottawa; south of the line, the people have made clear their determination that the tariff shall be revised downward towards the vanishing point. And meanwhile President Taft's latest message to Congress recommends reciprocity with Canada. The tide has proved irresistible at Washington. It is not impossible that history will repeat itself at Ottawa.

The English elections proceed at a pace too evenly balanced to be decisive; and though the election will be nominally decided before this number goes to press, the vexed question of the powers of the House of Lords will be left unilluminated by any clear and decisive judgment of the people. Not in many generations has England faced a problem which penetrates so deeply into the very tissue of her principles of government; not in many generations have her real statesmen been so hesitant and her demagogues so vocal; nor is there any reason to expect, among the well-intentioned legislators who will attempt a solution of the question in the new parliament, the emergence of any leader of such courage and statecraft as would justify the re-

application of the words which were spoken by Frederick the Great concerning the first Earl of Chatham: "Il faut avouer que l'Angleterre a ete longtemps en travail, et qu'elle a beaucoup soufferte pour produire M. Pitt; mais enfin elle est accouchee d'un homme."

Mr. Asquith's recent rectorial address at the University of Aberdeen is of interest to college men not only because of the content of the speech, but also because of the curious and picturesque custom to which the recent event has called public attention.

The "Rectorship" at Aberdeen, as at several other of the Scotch Universities, is a survival of the middle ages, when the universities in general were the only democratic institutions in a feudal and aristocratic order. The students of Aberdeen are divided into four "Nations", distributed according to their place of birth. These "Nations", known as Mar, Buchan, Moray, and Angus, comprise respectively those born in Aberdeen; those born in one of the two general groups of adjacent counties; and those born "abroad". Each "Nation" elects a procurator and the four procurators elect the "Rector", a tie in this "electoral college" being solved by a referendum to the whole student body. The "Rector" has no particular connection with the administration of the university, his principal function being the delivery of his Rectorial Address at the beginning of his three years term.

The inaugural address of Mr. Asquith reminds us anew of the more thorough identification of

University men with active government in England than on this side of the Atlantic. Gladstone, Morley, Balfour and Birrell—to mention only a few instances—are examples of the scholar in politics; and Asquith also, as he said at Aberdeen, "in a crowded and contentious life has never wholly lost touch with the interests and ideals of Oxford days."

Out of an extensive experience not only within but also outside of University circles, Mr. Asquith took occasion to sound a warning against over-specialization in education—(a warning which is really more timely among our own institutions in Canada and the United States than in Aberdeen itself). It was evidently Mr. Asquith's conviction that it is the high duty of a University to foster general culture rather than to be a combined "factory of specialists" and employment agency. "A University," said he, "which is content to perform the office of a factory of specialists is losing sight of some of its highest functions." It is the function of the University to develop the "all-round man" whom Mr. Asquith describes as "one who has not sacrificed to the pursuit of a single dominating interest his breadth of outlook, the zest and range of his intellectual curiosity, his eagerness to know and to assimilate the best that has been and is being thought and written and said about all things that either contribute to the knowledge or enrich the life of man."

Count Tolstoi and Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy are dead. It is a veritable whimsy of fate to juxtapose, by the coincidence of death, two personalities so unlike; and

yet the juxtaposition affords a curious commentary on human nature. Mrs. Eddy was an ignorant, selfish, and scheming woman whose life, as disclosed by recent investigators, was at once fanatical and disingenuous. And yet she numbered her followers among the hundreds of thousands and constructed one of the most perfect religious machines known to history. Tolstoi dedicated himself with a self-abnegation that has never been surpassed to the service of humanity. Through his tracts, through his letters to the press, and through his brilliant novels, he preached with profound sincerity and consistency the doctrine of peace, of non-resistance, of a return to the life of the primitive Christians,—in short, an all-pervading humanitarianism. All the world loved him—in a disinterested sort of way; all the world read him with avidity—and all the world proceeded to “gang its ain gait” after doing so. “It was followers his soul craved,” says *The Nation*, “Yet followers he can scarcely be said to have had. For

a time, indeed, there were groups of those who took up with the method of life which Tolstoi preached—Tolstovtsi, they called themselves. Their coming into existence greatly heartened Tolstoi. He rubbed his hands and said: “My fire must be real if it sets sets others aflame!” But there was no permanent blaze. The temporary enthusiasm died out, until, as Madame Witte wrote, “There are no longer any fraternal colonies in Russia, nor are there Tolstovtsi, Only one remained—Tolstoi himself.”

And now Mrs. Eddy and Tolstoi are dead—the religious organizer who had many followers, the religious idealist who had none. But the organization which Mrs. Eddy effected will, now that she is dead, if historical precedents have any meaning, topple like a house of cards; and Tolstoi “when his particular message has been forgotten, will be remembered as one of the great figures, to whom otherworldly truth, as he saw it, was more real than all the rest of life.”

LETTERS FROM A SON AT COLLEGE TO HIS DAD

(No. 2)

Strathcona, Alta.,
Dec., 20th, 1910.

Dear Dad:—

Christmas is once more here and the joyful yule-tide spirit pervades everything. Holly is everywhere in evidence and one has to be continually on guard to avoid standing beneath the mistletoe which vulgar individuals hang

from the electric fixtures in the stores. I may pay you a hurried visit during the holidays but most of the time I expect to spend with a friend in Ponoka who has invited me for the vacation. The examinations are now in full swing. Please tell mother in regard to the rather foolish question asked in her last letter, that there is no

danger of my being won over to idolatry by reading the "Idols of the King." I hope my early instruction has been of so little avail. I must express my surprise at her scepticism.

Upon the ninth of December, Alberta College entertained us in their Edmonton building. I enjoyed the occasion very much. Mr. Wagit sang a song. The last thing on the program was a promenade in which the ladies chose their partners. To avoid jealousies I rose and left the room. A new movement has been started in the University, that of the Y. M. C. A. I am extremely glad as I have often heard that Associations are the best part of college life and this is the first that we have had. The young ladies of the University gave a little sale of pennants, ice cream, tea and candies. I spent a dollar and a half and all I got was a stomach ache. One of the young ladies said to me "Don't you love fudge?" Not approving of such familiar-

ities, I drew myself up to my full height of five-foot nothing and exclaimed, "Madam, I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance." I then walked away and have no doubt that the young lady was greatly crestfallen though I did not return to see.

You ask me in your last letter if I have started wearing a dress-suit to all the social functions which I now attend. No, dear dad, I am not. The closest I have come to full evening dress is a pair of pyjamas and I never expect to get any nearer. It is not really necessary as all the men do not wear them.

I really must close now. Remember me to ma and the rest.

I remain your,

Beloved boy Bob.

P. S.—The above is an illiteration.

More P. S.—Please send me 50c. so I can buy you a Xmas present.

Parent—"I should never have thought that studying would have cost so much money."

Son (home from college):—"No father and if you only knew how little I studied."

Freshman—"Well I declare, I've forgotten all I ever knew."

Sophomore—"Never mind, old chap, take an hour off some time and learn it all over again."

Arts—"Was your father college bred?"

Science—"Yes, but we never mention it. His college had a poor football team."

A young student was leaving home to resume his studies at a University and his mother warned him not to neglect his religious duties, among other things she emphasized the fact that she wanted him not to forget to return thanks before meals. "By the way," she remarked "what does your landlady say when she sits down at the table?"

"She says, go slow on the butter gentlemen, it's 40 cents a pound," replied the student.

Marshall is now singing: "The Girl I left Behind Me."

A TALE OF THE ROCKIES

It was a balmy evening in mid summer. The sun, slowly sinking to rest over the mountain tops, cast a roseate hue over the distant, sombre peaks. The rustling of leaves, and the far-away murmur of falling water came softly to the ear. The mountains, towering high on every side, gave an air of security and protection to the tiny camp nestling at their feet. Here and there from among the log cabins, a column of smoke curled upwards to the sky. Otherwise there was not a sign of human life about. An atmosphere of lazy peace and quiet pervaded the whole valley.

But within the little mountain store there was bustle and activity enough, for here several miners and lumberjacks had gathered, ostensibly to get the mail from "down home" and to procure necessary supplies. Six or seven were lounging about the counter, laughing, talking, reading, swapping yarns, or boasting what they would do when they struck "pay dirt."

Suddenly a breathless man burst in upon them and panted: "Jim Danforth has jumped the copper claims!" Instantly every man was eagerly crowding around him, and as soon as he was able to make himself understood he explained: "The Company hasn't done its location work, and the time has expired. Jim jumped the claims this morning, and has taken possession of the cabin."

Everyone was dumb with consternation and amazement. Although all knew that for some time the company had been prac-

tically defunct owing to mismanagement and lack of funds, yet the stockholders had found some little consolation in the fact that they still possessed two valuable copper claims. Now all was lost.

During the excited hubbub that followed this piece of news, Virgil Byram, one of the employees of the company, and his friend, Jack Stobbs, quietly left the room. As soon as they were safely in the office, Byram shut the door and said: "This certainly is a fix. Let me see, this is the twenty-fourth isn't it? Hooray! There's hope yet. Just listen!"

There followed a whispered conversation, and then he continued: "See if Art. Rooksby won't help you. I'll make it well worth your while for both of you. Remember, not a word to a soul! You know what I want, don't you?"

Stobbs, an old miner, nodded comprehension, but hesitated a little and finally answered: "Yes, but you know Danforth is a dangerous fellow, and I don't want to tackle the job alone, I'll see what Art. thinks."

If anyone had been watching that night, he would have seen two figures steal silently forth from camp. Each carried an unlit lantern, and safely reposing in the pocket of each was a Colt's revolver, for "Something might happen, you know."

As soon as they were out of sight of camp, they lit their lanterns, and quickened their pace. Stobbs pulled out his watch remarking; "Half past ten. If all goes well, we ought to be there by

twelve or a little before. Come on. We've no time to lose."

All went well for a while, but soon the trail became steeper, and their progress was hindered by fallen tree trunks and logs. The night was pitch dark, but their lanterns cast little patches of light before them, and showed them the way. The silence was unbroken, save for the crackling of twigs under foot, and the occasional howl of a lone coyote.

At eleven o'clock, over one third of the way had been covered, and success seemed certain. The men became elated—just a little too soon, as it turned out. High up on the mountain side was a grassy meadow, and here the trail divided and branched off into two paths. Rooksby, who was leading, stopped and called back: "Say, do you know which way to take?"

Stobbs hesitated. "I think the one to the right, but I'm not sure. Anyway they both probably lead to the same place."

After consulting together a few minutes, they took the one to the left, and proceeded along it. Suddenly there was a crash, and a sharp sound of pain. Rooksby looked around to see his companion in a heap on the ground. He had caught his foot on a concealed root, and had fallen head foremost, smashing his lantern and spraining his wrist.

Rising with a rueful face he exclaimed: "Gee! I'm glad it's my wrist instead of my ankle. Not much damage done. What time is it?"

"Fifteen minutes after eleven."

"Great Scott! Why, where's the path?"

Sure enough, the trail which had

been gradually growing dimmer, ended abruptly. Nothing was to be done but retrace their steps, and in so doing much valuable time was lost. Cautiously picking their way over rocks and boulders, and up over precipitous cliffs, a quarter to twelve still found them a considerable distance from the cabin. Both were tired, almost to the point of exhaustion, and, to add to their plight, a cold, biting wind came up, piercing them to the very bone.

With almost superhuman strength they pressed forward. At exactly three minutes of twelve they reached the cabin. Not a soul was stirring; not a light was to be seen. They were safe.

As soon as it was midnight, they restaked the claim, tore down the sign that Danforth had put up, and in its stead substituted one of their own, to the effect that "we the undersigned, John Stobbs and Arthur Rooksby are by legal right the owner of the Copper King and Queen."

Walking boldly into the cabin, they aroused the sleeping man and holding out their open watches before them, quietly said: "You were a day too early. The time of the old company did not expire till midnight tonight. We have jumped the claims. The mines are ours."

—Blanche McLaughlin, '13.

Munroe, "Have you been through Algebra?"

Walker, "Why, ye—es, but it was at night and I didn't see much of the town."

WHERE WE WERE BORN

It is a common experience of those who have braved the unknown and come to the far West to live, that they are homesick for the East until they go back to it; and then the supposedly permanent return becomes the briefest possible visit, and it is Westward Ho! once more. There are reasons, many and good, for the "grip" of the West, and not the least of those reasons is the contrast between the uniformity of the East and the diversity of the West. The ancient tradition and fixed social order of the Atlantic seaboard and the trans-Atlantic life shape thought and personality in the same mould. Who is my neighbor? Who but myself over again? But here in our new West with its intense individualism, its diversity of memories, life renews itself each day with infinite variety. "Where were we born?"—Where were we not born—we of many memories?

The old house was situated in the main street of a small town in the north of Ireland. Its historic interest lay in the fact that for at least fifty years it had been used as a minister's manse. Some noted preachers had lived there; men who in after years made their mark in the great cities of Ireland. Everybody in the town knew the house, and during the course of the years all sorts of people visited this the home of the minister. It was a double storied house built of red brick, and though plain and sombre looking was quite the best house in the street. In the little garden in front, a grand old oak reared its head higher than the house itself.

The house was situated in a busy street a little way from the heart of the town. The situation formed a striking contrast to the lonely houses on the wide prairie in which I have lived since coming to this country. There the view of the busy street from the front windows was always interesting. The sidewalks were crowded with people, many were hurrying to business, others were stopping to gaze in attractive store windows, whilst the scene was enlivened by many children who laughed, chatted and played on their way to school. Here in this country the first house in which I lived was more than a mile from the nearest neighbors and we were sixteen miles from town. On almost every side we looked out on undulating prairie as far as the eye could reach, but to the West we had a lovely view of the Rockies. Occasionally we saw someone pass on the little used road in the distance and sometimes the quietness of our life was relieved by the appearance of a visitor.

Looking through the shadow of the trees, you notice a quaint old cottage, almost completely hidden by clinging vines, hanging from the long projecting roof. Bulging out through the vines and rose bush, as if striving for sunlight, are long low lattice windows, and between them is a low arched door ornamented with flowers. At the foot of the door is a large flat stone, cracked here and there, and soft green moss is pushing its way through the crevices.

It is a plain little home-like house, the house where I was

born, situated in the midst of an orchard. The gable on the left wing—the one attempt at ornament—is completely covered and concealed by the spreading branches of a sweet apple tree. Before the door, there are two more apple trees. These are planted so that their branches form an archway through which one passes on entering. My grandfather declares emphatically that the house was painted, and to humor him we pretend to believe it. At the present time there is no vestige of any such operation.

On the borders of Derbyshire and Staffordshire is situated the picturesque little village of Hartington. From the Charles Cotton Hotel there is a path leading down the beautiful Berresford Dale. The tourist, following this path, crossing the old wooden bridge at the historic Izaak Walton Fishing House, soon comes to a place where the path divides; one follows the winding "pave" to the Izaak Walton Hotel; the other leads up the precipitous dale side to an old-fashioned, thatched house which stands like a solitary sentinel on the top of the dale side. The house is built in the form of a right angle, and has two storeys. It is built of limestone, and has exceeding small windows, set well back in the thick walls; the window panes are diamond shaped and encased in lead—relics of the middle age; the doorway is low—so low that an ordinary sized person has to stoop to pass through; the northern gable, with its smoothly washed stones, is a monument to the fierce storms that have swept across the rugged moorland.

The house I was born in was situated on the bank of a small stream in a deep and narrow valley, whose high hills protected it from wind and storm. The house was built of logs and had a sod roof; the foundation was low, making the building appear lower than it really was. To the traveler the brook on one side and the hills on the other made it seem a pleasant place to live.

In the county of Somerset, England, is a small old-fashioned village called Keward, about a mile from that beautiful cathedral city, Wells. I lived in this village when I was a little boy of three years. Our house was not very large, nor yet beautiful, as artists would say. It was just a plain, grim-looking house, almost surrounded by trees, with a large garden at the back. Probably I ought rather to say quiet-looking, but there is a reason for calling it grim looking. Just in front of the house was a small brook, whose silent little stream flowed ceaselessly. When I began to hear something about the old Roman strongholds, with the moat, or deep ditch, surrounding them, I conjured up a stronghold of my own. To me, the house became a grim castle. Its plain, square appearance fitted well with my imagination, and the little streamlet grew into a deep, treacherous ditch. Because of these boyish imaginings I have left to-day just that picture of a "grim old castle."

In itself it is only a square, white house, set far back in the trees, and having many windows. If one were to pass it in the eve

ning he would most likely see one window at which the blind was undrawn. Through it would be seen the father with his paper, the mother with her sewing, and the

children with their books and toys. Indeed, what one sees through the window makes one forget that the house is square or white, and one remembers only that it is a home.

STUDENT'S Y. M. C. A.

We are very much pleased to see the president of the University branch of the Y. M. C. A. again in the halls. Mr. A. L. Carr has been laid aside for some time by an attack of typhoid fever, from which he has recovered sufficiently to visit the students and faculty of the institution. His position has been faithfully filled during his absence, by the vice-president Mr. P. Young.

Some of the students were favored one afternoon a few weeks ago by hearing an address given by Dr. McKay of the Presbyterian Church. He has made an extended tour of the missionary world and spoke in a very educative and interesting manner of the growth and revival of Christianity in the little peninsula kingdom of Korea. He mentioned her importance as being a link between China and Japan and Russia. He eulogized in enthusiastic terms the young men who are preparing there for the mission of telling good news to their fellow countrymen. He placed great stress on the importance of developing the memory. One lesson he drew from these interesting people was the importance of developing the memory: upon this he laid great stress. We appreciate this visit from Dr. Mc-

Kay and hope the committee will be able to provide other such treats during the winter.

The Bible study classes are organized and down to business. A very fine spirit of interest is being manifested in them and the attendance is good. A leader's class meets on Thursday afternoon in Dr. Sheldon's study. When the chief points of interest and difficulty of the next lesson are discussed. The separate classes meet at such times and places as are most convenient for the numbers within them. The class system is proving that it has advantages over the lecture system in that the members feel much more free to bring forward and discuss questions that have troubled or interested them. The leaders at present are Messrs. Mitchell, Young, Ottewell, Brown, and Davidson and Dr. Sheldon also has a class of his science boys. Mr. Law had a class but it has been broken up by the members taking up residence in diverse parts of the city.

The book under discussion this year is Bosworth's "Studies in The Life of Jesus Christ." The classes are finding it a very interesting text book. We look forward to a very successful year in the Bible study department of the Y. M. C. A. work.



That the recent epidemic of typhoid reached such proportions is a fact much to be deplored and it would appear that somewhere negligence bordering very close on criminal is chargeable; but now when at last measures have been adopted to check further developments it would be idle to discuss that phase of the question. However present conditions point to the need of some protection for students who may be stricken down by such epidemics in the future. It is a very real hardship for the man who must not only lose his year but also be put to the expense of a long illness in doctor and hospital bills. The time seems most opportune for the introduction of a scheme of insurance by which for a moderate fee the student could be assured that in the event of illness his expenses would be met by a draft upon a common fund established for the purpose. Whether any relief can be afforded the victims of the epidemic during the present term might well be considered first, and afterward some scheme for a permanent provision for the future. There is no doubt that the student body would co-operate heartily with the authorities to make some such plan a practical reality, and we would respectfully urge the powers that be to give the matter their immediate attention.

There is cause for congratulation in the way in which the bill to incorporate the second University in this province has been treated. The most enthusiastic advocate of higher education would scarcely have the hardihood to affirm that Alberta has at the present time any need whatever of a second university. Indeed we have not noticed that the promoters of the proposed institution made any claim that it was in any sense a necessity. Some frenzied financier computed that students are worth one thousand dollars per annum to the city in which they take their course. That gentleman would be a very desirable banker for the average student. At the University of Alberta the greater number of students do not spend a thousand or even five hundred dollars per year; indeed there are more who fall below the four hundred mark than above the five hundred.

Of course it is conceivable that some citizens of Calgary animated by a sort of "two-by-four" patriotism and devotion to the interests of their own city, to say nothing of an interest in the price of real estate, are eager to establish a university in their midst. But one city cannot nearly support a university worthy of the name and when the province as a whole is already pledged to sustain in an adequate

way the provincial institution already in operation why seek to hamper its efforts by attempting to found a rival, doubling the expense to the country and hindering

the cause of higher education for many years to come. One university is enough for Alberta and our legislators were wise in refusing to charter a second.

Obituary

ON TUESDAY, THE TWENTIETH DAY OF
DECEMBER, THERE DIED AT EDMONTON,

ALBERT J. FULLER

A MEMBER OF THE SCIENCE CLASS OF
'14. IN HIM THE UNIVERSITY HAS LOST
A STUDENT WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN
AN HONOR TO HER, AND WE HAVE LOST
A COMRADE WHOM IT WAS GOOD TO
KNOW.

WAUNEITA SALE

The assembly hall of the Collegiate Institute, Strathcona, was "en fete" on Friday, December 2nd from five until nine thirty p. m. when the women students of the University of Alberta, held their first college sale.

For the past few weeks, the girls of the Wauneita Society of the University have been busy making college pennants, cushions, calendars, etc. The result of their labors seemed to be appreciated by the large crowd in attendance at the sale.

The room was bright with bunting and college colors and the various booths were decidedly attractive.

The tea room was decorated with Japanese lanterns, flags, parasols and candles. Tea was served throughout the evening by dainty misses in Japanese costumes.

The candy booth was done in white with yellow and green streamers and yellow 'mums. This corner seemed to be much appre-

ciated by members of the opposite sex.

Red and white was the scheme of decoration employed at the ice cream stand and very pretty it looked in the glow of the candelabra.

Last and best, of course, was the centre aisle reserved for the college banners, cushions, calendars, etc. The green and gold of the University colors certainly showed to advantage in the artistic pennants and cushions offered for sale. The calendars with the picture of the new Arts Building of the University made attractive souvenirs and found ready sale.

We were pleased to have with us Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Edwards. The latter was most diligent in assisting the girls throughout the whole affair.

The proceeds of this first Wauneita Sale amounted to something over ninety dollars. We feel duly grateful to the many outsiders and particularly to the men of the University who so generously responded in making the sale the success that it was.

When Mark Twain, the American humorist, was a boy at school, the schoolmaster set the class to writing an essay on the "Result of Laziness."

Young Clemens (Mark Twain) handed in his composition, at the end of an hour, a blank sheet.

'12.—"Why is Misener like a hypocrite?"

13.—"Because he always comes to lectures with a smile on his face.

"I can't imagine how you can dislike work, to me it is a real enjoyment" said the father to his lazy son.

"Yes Pa," was the guileless response, "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

Science Man: "Well, old chap, are you doing well in your Latin?"

Latin student: "Oh, fairly."

They say White has a girl. We'd all like to see Julius seize her.



The University of Alberta is beginning to figure in the athletic circles of the province. Its entree in rugby is now an old story. The University Basket Ball team is a winner in the City League. At hockey, instead of having one team for all the public occasions, there are now Junior and Senior teams, and a keen competition for places on both. We understand that there are also some promising curlers both among the faculty and students. Why not line them up under the green and gold?

We regret to record the illness of Mr. A. H. Dixon, president of the University Athletic Association. He is badly missed both in his official capacity and in the senior hockey line-up.

Mr. A. L. Caldwell, the sporting editor, is also ill, but there is every hope for his speedy recovery.

BASKET BALL

Several 'Varsity enthusiasts quietly made up a team and entered the Edmonton City League. They have won every game yet. The players are: Parney, Blayney, Hotchkiss, and Fife. Dr. Folsinsbee of the city, and Hammond of Alberta College have played as spares and their good work was appreciated.

In the first game played against the Keystones the score was 14 to 11. 'Varsity next beat the Cubs 37 to 21. The schedule is quite regular for every Friday night at 9 p. m., in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

HOCKEY

The season has been opened slowly, but our rink is now in splendid condition and the men are showing up well at practices. The teams have not yet been announced, but there are certainly some valuable additions among the new men. A few of these are Dean, Clark, Goodridge, May, Moller and Walker. Practically all the old men are available and are showing up in good form.

It is understood that a University man will be the goal tender of the Strathcona City team.

In the Intercollegiate League only junior hockey players will contend for the University. Their games for January are announced as follows:

- Jan. 6—E. H. S. at 'Varsity.
- " 13—'Varsity at S. C. I.
- " 20—A. C. at 'Varsity.
- " 28—Varsity at E. H. S.

The Provincial Hockey League have definitely decided upon three divisions: A Northern with

five teams, a central with six, and a Southern with four. Provision has been made for forming a fourth division from Wetaskiwin to Daysland if the Central people find it necessary. The five teams of the Northern division are: Bankers, Deacons, Strathcona, Y. M. C. A. and University.

The schedule of 'Varsity Senior Hockey for the month of January, is as follows:

- Jan. 3—'Varsity at Bankers.
- " 6—Y. M. C. A. at 'Varsity.
- " 12—Deacons at 'Varsity.
- " 13—'Varsity at Strathcona.
- " 23—Bankers at 'Varsity.
- " 24—'Varsity at Deacons.

On Friday, December 9th, a few Varsity boys got together and played a practice match with the Alberta College Senior team. The University line up was Clark, Rogers, Hotchkiss, Carmichael, Alton, Muller and did not represent any Varsity team. The score was 5 to 3 in favor of Alberta College.

Mr. C. P. Hotchkiss has had a minor operation performed on his knee. He will be off the ice until after Christmas but we hope he will be in good form early in January.



"RENDERING" ONE OF THEIR LATEST SUCCESSES
AT A FREE-WILL CHARITY PERFORMANCE
GIVEN SPECIALLY FOR AC STUDENTS.

ALBERTA COLLEGE

A reception given to the students of the University by the students of Alberta College was held in the college dining room on Friday, December 9th.

The room was decorated with Varsity and College bunting, two Canadian flags, a large Varsity banner and two pennants hung very artistically in front forming the background of the platform.

Dr. Riddell, in an address of welcome, extended to the visitors the best wishes and best entertainment that Alberta College could give. He recalled the different steps whereby the educational facilities of Alberta had grown during the last decade, from insignificance to their present status. Today two strong institutions, each with its distinct work, are combining their forces to form an educational centre, which will be the pride of the citizens and an honor to the province.

The programme, which was given by Misses Montgomery and Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Luck, Messrs. Carmichael and Wagget, and the Glee Club, was very much enjoyed.

One of the special features of the evening was a bright and witty speech by Dr. Sheldon on "College Spirit." He said in part that as the courses became more numerous there would be a tendency on the part of each faculty to hold apart from the others, and make distinct lines of cleavage. He argued that the student in law needed to meet the theological student; and the student in medicine ought to meet the man in arts, for in so doing he would be developed not merely by the study of books but

by the study of men. To do this we must have a united college, which would enable the different types of men to meet and converse on the same level.

After the programme, refreshments, consisting of cakes and coffee, fudge and fruit, were served. The gathering broke up by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

All we can say is: "Varsity, come again."

Unthinkables:

If everybody spoke the truth;

If every person's thoughts were plain;

If every foolishness of youth

Did not bring its answering pain

In a good game the High School beat the College 4 to 2.

The college beat Varsity 2nd team 5 to 3. Look out for your laurels; we have the men.

The Acme Co.'s team went down before our whirlwinds. We shall have the championship this year.

John Wagget was heard the other day to exercise his philosophical powers and incidentally his vocabulary in the following way: "Without resorting, brutally, to the clumsy terms of excess, it is admissible of practical proof, proportional to the cluster of attributes converging in my now habitual sobriquet, to assert, without fear of at least efficient contradiction, that the possibilities of inter-

Alberta College

FIRST STREET, EDMONTON



Offers the following courses to the young people of Alberta
irrespective of creed or nationality :

I. A General Preparatory Course leading to

Matriculation in Arts and Science

At the last general examination our students led the
province.

II. Full course in Music (Vocal, Instrumental and Theory.)

III. Under the direction of Alberta College is the Alberta
Business College with Mr. E. S. Eaton as Principal and
Mr. D. Elston as Secretary. This is the strongest Busi-
ness School in the West. Our students hold some of
the best positions in Alberta. There is in connection
with the College a complete residence affording accommo-
dation to one hundred and ten students.

For rates and particulars apply to

J. H. RIDDELL, B.A., D.D.

EDMONTON

Calendars supplied free on application.

Winter Term in all departments opens January 3rd, 1911.

Every Man Is Like The Company He Is Wont To Keep

And likewise are people, societies and institutions judged by the character of the stationery which they send forth, be it invitation, letter or mere visiting card.

Plaindealer Printing Particular

In this line of printing the PLAINDEALER specializes. Experience spells Efficiency in our printing of programmes and such social requisites.

The Plaindealer Company Strathcona

national enchevetrement are no longer patently simmering in the category of clamorous insistence, etc. (Speech continued in next issue.)

Dr. Riddell, speaking at the reception: "These sister institutions—no not sisters—for we have been married to you—if you like." Result, Alberta College, Strathcona.

One of the helpful exercises of our college life is the mid-week prayer meeting. It is always well attended.

When one considers the many and diverse lines of action in which our students are engaged, he would be inclined to think that there was not room for more. Each succeeding year, though,

finds a new line of work added to the large curriculum. This year the addition is an offshoot of the Literary Society, namely, a college paper which is being edited by Mr. W. Davidson and his competent staff. It is called "Signa Albertana," and judging by what we have seen, it is worthy of its name. It sets a high standard in literature, versatility, workmanship and completeness, for it covers in its reports all the departments of the College as well as the activities of our college life.

Special Note:—

Among those present was noted Mrs. Copley, looking stunning in a brilliant creation of green cheese-cloth; four-gored, cut on the bias and with overland insertion.

HUTTON'S BOOK STORE

PHONE 3432

The finest line of Xmas goods in the city. Xmas Pictures a specialty.

BOOKS—the Latest Copyrighted

and a fine line of literary productions suitable for University students.

J. D. HUTTON

Strathcona's Book Store

BRIGHT & ASHBAUGH

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Fit-right Clothing

Walk-Over Shoes

SPECIAL LINES IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS FOR XMAS

BRIGHT & ASHBAUGH

Phone 3466 Strathcona

DUNCAN'S DRUG STORE

For Small Christmas Gifts

Perfumes
Shaving Requisites
High-Class Chocolates
Ebony Goods
Toilet Sets
Fancy Soaps
Christmas Cards

Prescriptions Receive
Special Attention

Home-Made Candies

Our Specialty

For some of the
best Home-Made
Candy ever made
and displayed for
sale, visit the

Strathcona Candy Kitchen

34 Whyte Avenue
Xmas Orders Solicited

A YOUNG MAN, if he is attentive to the teachings of the University of Alberta, becomes more cultured, clever and manly. His personal appearance is a matter of taste. To buy from our stock will mean that his taste can be gratified at a moderate cost. "SOVEREIGN CLOTHING", "HART SHOES" "W. G. & R. COLLARS and SHIRTS", these brands bespeak quality.

A. H. RICHARDS & CO.
16-20 WHYTE AVENUE WEST, STRATHCONA

JUST SMILE

If you've got an English test,
Just smile.

Wear a grin and do your best,
Just smile.

If you have a theme to do,
What's the use of feeling blue;
Thank your stars you haven't two,
Just smile.

If the Chemistry's obscure,
Just smile.
It's harder farther on that's sure,
Just smile.

Don't let everybody know,
Or make the naughty language
flow,
But cool your head in H. O.
Just smile.

When the Latin drives you mad,
Just smile.
Nothing gained by feeling sad
Just smile.

The true solution can't you see,
Is just as simple as can be,
Send down East and get a key.
Just smile.

When the History is dry,
Just smile.
Keep a twinkle in your eye,
Just smile.
History shouldn't bother you!
You are making history too,
That all your kids will have to do,
Just smile.

If the "Trig" is pretty tough,
Just smile.
A science course is always rough
Just smile.
Dr. Sheldon when a lad,
Heard of science from his dad,
How we wish he never had,
Just smile.

New Year is Coming

THE BEST PRESENT you can buy is something useful. You do not know how many sensible New Year gifts we can sell you until you visit our store, your friends will appreciate some useful sensible present, such as we can sell you, much more than a fancy trifle that will soon be worthless. Call and see us.

WANKEL & BARR

Remember

Castor

Makes
Special Rates on

Photos

of Students

156 Jasper East, Edmonton
Phone 2478

Buy Now

Before the Boom

Wild Lands
Improved Farms
City Property
A Few Big Snaps in
Farm Lands
Safe Investment
Big Dividends
Call and See

Arthur Davies
Broker
Whyte Avenue, Strathcona

STRATHCONA TENT AND MATTRESS COMPANY

For

Tents of all sizes and designs, and Mattresses of all grades, qualities and sizes, from \$1.50 to \$15.00 each call on

W. WEEKS & CO., Whyte Ave., Strathcona

For

Furniture, Beds, Springs and Mattresses call on

W. WEEKS & CO., Whyte Ave., Strathcona

For

The best bargains in Farms and City Property call on

W. Weeks & Co., Whyte Ave. Strathcona

Smiles will solve your every woe
Just smile.

Help you everywhere you go
Just smile.

Split your face up in a grin,
Show your teeth and smile like
sin,

A happy look will help you win
Just smile.

L. Y. C. '12.

When Kenny starts to shave
he'll be a little shaver, won't he?

Why was Dickens a funny animal?

Answer: Because he had many
tales and they all came out of his
head.

In Writing Themes

I always finish without fail
Though I don't wish to brag. It
Seems to me to end a tale
The best way is to Wagget.

They say Kenny thinks life is a
snap.

Miss McLaughlin (dreamily):
"Oh, Mr. Ottewell, it must be lovely
to be great and wise and clever
and witty and handsome and
graceful."

Ottewell (firmly): "It is."

First Student: "Dr. Alexander
is a Methodist."

Second Student: "Prove it."

First Student: "Because some
members of his class are on probation."

Prof. teaching discipline—"What
is the best time to take up the
collection?"

S. D.—"Before the sermon."

Prof.—"Yes, that is the best
time for some preachers."

Students' Suggestions

Make Your Den Cosy and Convenient

Study Table (22 x 32) 2.70

Secretary 6.50

Bookcase

5 Shelves

\$5.00

Sectional

Bookcase

3.75 per Sec.

Flat Top Desk

\$12.85

Roll Top Desk

\$18.90



Tilting
Desk Chair
\$5.40

Morris Chair
\$9.00

Roomy Rocker
\$2.50

We always carry a complete assortment of High-Class Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Window Shades, Pictures, Mirrors, Etc., Etc. If you don't know us, drop in and get acquainted.

N. B.—To every Resident Student who wishes to ship an article purchased from us we will prepay shipping charges to any part of Alberta.

McCallum & Westbrook

Whyte Avenue

Phone 3022

The Dominion Bank

Capital Paid Up	-	\$4,000,000
Reserve	- - -	5,000,000
Total Assets	- - -	60,500,000

Unsurpassed Facilities for Transacting Banking Business
of Every Description

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Special attention to Savings, whether large or small.
Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail.

Strathcona Branch.

D. D. WILSON, Mgr.

CAMPBELL'S CLOTHING



THROUGH hour after hour
of cold stormy weather—
the only coat that will keep you
warm is a

Campbell's Clothing

SOLID KUMFORT ULSTER

It is made of warm, thick tweeds
or friezes, with a large five-inch
collar which can be turned up,
rolled or worn with revers in
mild weather.

**Out on the
Job all day**

Altogether it is the one coat spe-
cially suited to the man whose
days are spent in the open air.

ESSERY & CO., 35 Whyte Ave.